

WHERE WE PLAYED.

Of all the world, the dearest spot,  
That memory fond gives thought to-day,  
Is one which we can never find again,  
Where I with others used to play.  
My mind oft wanders to it yet;  
And then, as in the days of yore,  
I meet with those I have not met,  
And play about the cottage door.

There often, when the sun was low,  
And evening shadows ran along,  
As westward fast the light would wend,  
We might be seen to sing a song,  
Which in childish days we sang,  
The games so oft played o'er and o'er,  
And pass the evening hours away  
With joy before the cottage door.

With marbles, tops, and other toys,  
That children always find so sweet,  
Which add far more to youth's bright joys  
Than either tongue or pen can tell.  
We played; glad songs in glee were sung—  
Sweet joys we never more can see.  
Such pleasures are but for the young,  
And only once we young can be.

Long years since then have passed away,  
And some of those with whom I met,  
Beneath the sod in silence lie,  
And others live with me yet.  
The cottage stands the same to-day,  
As in those happy days of yore,  
And other children gladly play  
As we did then in the door.

# HER FATHER'S VICTIM.

A STORY OF  
WESTERN LIFE  
BY  
THOMAS P. MOXFORD.

CHAPTER XX.

AUNT MITCHELL SPEAKS.

Hiram soon became as placid and self-satisfied as ever, and the next morning he went down town to his office with not a trace of the late disturbance either showing in his features or rankling in his conscience. For several weeks everything went along smoothly with him, and every day he felt more and more in love with his charitable qualities and his Christian virtues. Hiram Blatchford was not a man to give way to any insignificant feeling, and he did not allow conscience to deter him for any great length of time. At one time, for instance, he had always done just right, but he managed to shift the blame of his wrong actions to some other person's shoulders, and succeeded, to his own satisfaction, in exonerating himself completely.

But another bombshell was destined to fall in the Blatchford camp, and it fell with terrible effect. This bombshell came in the shape of an elderly maiden lady known as Miss Mitchell Blatchford, sister to Hiram, who for some years had lived retired in a quiet life.

She had been married to Hiram's father, and accordingly, one day some weeks after the Christian aid society meeting she alighted at Hiram's door.

Hiram was not particularly glad to see his sister, for to tell the truth she had an uncomfortable way of speaking that made him feel that he was not wanted.

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"You will give something, I know." "Yes, I have already subscribed twenty-five dollars. Ten for myself, ten for you and ten for mother."

Aunt Mitchell sat motionless just then, and the color of her cheeks began to flush. She looked at her nephew with a look of surprise and indignation.

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At last, finding that it was impossible to control his wandering thoughts and fix them where he wished, and being unable to longer endure the thoughts of his father, he threw down his papers and pen and fled from the office.

He walked madly down the street, his head bowed, his hands clasped, and his heart full of despair. He felt that he was a lost soul, and that he was a disgrace to his family.

"My God, my God," he murmured, "what have I done! My poor, lost child, how could I ever forget you! How have I forgotten your mother and my promise to her. Oh, God, spare me and let me live to undo what I have done. Let me but see my child once more and receive her forgiveness for all of my neglect and cruelty."

A long time he sat there gazing down into the deep flowing water, and more than once he was inclined to throw himself into the current and find relief at once for his tortured soul. There, he thought, he could escape the awful thoughts that haunted him, and he fancied that the cold water would be welcome to his burning brow. But finally the desire to see his daughter once more and atone to her for his cruel neglect got the better of him, and he arose and went toward his office.

As he walked unsteadily back to his office, he felt that he was a lost soul, and that he was a disgrace to his family. He felt that he was a lost soul, and that he was a disgrace to his family.

"Green," replied the doctor, "if I could help you. But I can't. I am working for nothing, for my patients have no money to pay me, and I have scarcely enough to live on. I haven't a dollar. I had you should have a part of it. But I'll see if I can't manage in some way to raise some money for you. I don't know what success I'll have, and I can't succeed you to hope anything, but I'll try."

"Thank you, doctor," said John, "but I don't want to trouble you. I'll try to do it myself. I'll try to do it myself. I'll try to do it myself."

"Oh, never mind that, Green," the old man said, "never mind about that. We're all human beings, and I am no more than human in doing what I do. The thing is in it but what anybody ought to do."

"Perhaps not," said John, "but it's what I feel. My heart is full of it, doctor, and I cannot express my feelings. But this I can say: You have done more for us than any other person on earth, and my heart, my thanks and my prayers are yours. You have saved the life of my dearest one. God bless you, doctor, God bless you."

John could say no more, for his feelings overmastered him, and he broke down completely. The old doctor was seriously disturbed, and for awhile he fledged about nervously. He was a modest man, and whatever good deeds he performed were performed solely for the good there was in them, and not for the sake of the praise they might bring him. He had acted the part of a friend to John Green and his wife simply because he felt it his duty.

"Green," he said, laying his hand on John's shoulder, "don't talk that way. Let's not make any fuss over trifling matters like that. I'm glad my efforts in this case have been unavailing, and I hope your wife will soon be recovered. Now, see here, you must make an effort to get a little money, and I'll make an effort and between us I think we'll be able to accomplish something. Continue my remedies according to directions, and if anything happens before I return, let me know."

And with that the old doctor went away, followed by a thousand blessings that flowed from John Green's heart.

The next day John went over to Magie City to see what he could do in the way of raising money. He first went to Mills' office, and after a long wait secured an audience with that gentleman. He laid his condition before Mills in his true light and begged for a small advance on his loan.

"I would be glad to accommodate you," said Mills, "but I find it impossible to do so. I let you have at first entirely too much money on your security, and I am fearful that I shall not be able to recover on it. I can't advance another dollar."

"But I must have it, Mills. I cannot let my wife die for the want of food. Do you understand?"

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Green, but you should remember that this is not a place of charity but a place of business. I cannot undertake to bear other people's burdens, nor to furnish food to the hungry. I am not responsible for the suffering among the settlers, and I cannot afford to give away everything I possess to alleviate it. As I said, I am sorry for you and sympathize with you. Good day."

John attempted to speak further, but Mills hurried him out of the office, saying, "There are customers in waiting, Mr. Green, and I have no time to waste."

John next visited the bank but met with no success there. Then he tried all the places where there was a bare hope of getting money, but his efforts were all unavailing. There was no one to whom he could turn for help. So, with faltering courage, he went to the office of Mr. Scraggs.

"Scraggs offered to aid me once," John thought, "and perhaps he will do it now. I can try him at least."

But when he reached Scraggs' office he found a young man in charge, and Scraggs was nowhere about. The young man gave Green this answer:

"Sorry you were not a few minutes earlier, Mr. Green, as Mr. Scraggs has just gone away. There goes his train now. He will not be back for nearly a week."

At an instant John started blankly at the young man, and his head reeled. He felt that if the earth was slipping from under his feet. His last chance for raising money was gone, and he saw nothing before him but a dark and gloomy future.

The clerk noticed John's manner and was alarmed at it. "Mr. Green," he said, "you are not well. Take a seat and rest a moment. Can't I do something for you?"

"No," replied John, "as he dropped into the nearest seat. 'I will be all right in a moment.'"

There was more than disappointment and discouragement ailing John. He was sick, weak and hungry. For days he had overtaxed his strength in caring for his sick wife. He had gone on short diet, had lost sleep night after night. He was pale, haggard and aged. He was sick in body as well as soul.

"Was your business with Mr. Scraggs very particular?" the clerk asked, when John recovered himself a little.

"Yes," said John, "it is a matter of great importance to me. And he stated the object of his visit and told something of the necessity that forced him to seek the loan."

"I wish you had come before Mr. Scraggs left," the clerk replied, "for I am sure he would have given you the money you need. But it is too late now. He has no money here that I can handle or I would take the liberty of making the advance. If you can get along for a few days, however, I am certain you can count on him for the future when he returns."

"If I can do better I shall have to," said John, "and now it is all gone. I don't know what in the name of God I am to do next. I cannot sit here and see my wife die of hunger, and I know of no way to prevent it. What am I to do, doctor? What can I do?"

great disappointment to him, and he could hardly make up his mind to it. He sat down by his wagon and gazed vacantly at the street as the display of goods in front of a grocery store.

"There is plenty out there," he thought, "to keep suffering yet for the want of a few dollars. I must go hungry while my wife dies of want. I cannot go back to my home empty-handed and sit down there to wait for starvation. There is food in the land and I must have it. God forgive me, but if I can steal some food I'll do it."

In all his life he had the thought of such a crime come through John Green's mind. Never before had he contemplated, even lightly, the commission of such a deed. And never before would he have dreamed that the time would come when he should seriously contemplate turning thief. But no one knows to what extent hunger will drive a man until he has felt its pangs.

John Green resolved to become a thief in the eyes of the world. He resolved to take by force and stealth that which was necessary to preserve life, and which he could secure by no other means. And with this determination he started on his way to the grocery store.

"My friend, you have a very fair wagon and team there."

"Yes," replied John, mechanically. "Would you sell them?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," replied John, eagerly grasping at the opportunity of getting some money, forgetting everything else in the thought of his wife. "Do you want to buy them?"

"I want to buy a wagon and team to take my family back to Missouri, and if you will sell yours at a reasonable price I may take them. What do you want for them?"

"I don't know," replied John. "I had not thought of selling them. But I suppose they ought to be worth a hundred and fifty dollars."

The man shook his head. John saw the action and said: "How much will you give, then?"

"I'll give you seventy-five," the man replied. "It is a small sum, I know, but money is valuable in this country, and everything else, save food, is cheap. That's all I can afford to offer you."

John was in no mood for caviling, and so without further parley he accepted the man's offer, and the money and team changed hands.

No longer forced to the necessity of stealing food, John started off homeward, considerably lighter of heart.

"Poor Mary need not starve now," he thought, as he walked across the prairie. "This money will buy food to tide us over a few more months, and by that time I'll be able to get my wife cured."

At that time John was able to go away and secure employment.

In the contemplation of the good money would bring to his loved ones, John completely forgot the fact that he had committed a grave crime against the law in securing the money as he had. But at last it came back to him, and with a sudden and terrible shock he was made to feel the full consequences of his act. He stopped in his tracks and a cold shiver ran over him.

"Great God," he murmured, "I have sold my soul for a few dollars. I have sold my soul for a few dollars. I have sold my soul for a few dollars."

What am I to do? What can I do? And he sat down and buried his face in his hands and tried to think: but he could think of nothing and see nothing but the prison door yawning before him.

[To be continued.]

THE GONZALES BROTHERS ND THE TWO CLERKS.

A Question of Newspaper Circulation Develops into a Mixed Row—Results in a Hotel Lobby Which Looked Ugly, But Ended With Little Damage.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 24.—The sensation of the night is an encounter that occurred between N. G. Gonzales, editor of the Star, and A. E. Gonzales, the general agent of the same paper, on the one side, and J. Walter Gray, of Greenville, and Sampson Pope, of Newberry, clerks respectively of the house and senate, on the other.

The law requires that clerks of the two legislative bodies shall award advertisements of proposals for the State printing to the daily newspaper in Columbia having the largest circulation. Gray and Pope disputed the duty of determining the question of circulation to W. M. Rodgers, assistant clerk of the house, and an old Register compositor. Rodgers made his report and the clerks awarded the advertisement to the Register and forwarded a communication to the State, saying that according to Rodgers' report the Register had the largest circulation.

The Register contained a severe editorial calling the award an "infamous swindle," and the report a "flagrant and wilful lie." The editorial said that Rodgers "in making his report had lied deliberately and maliciously with intent to injure the State, which he hates, and benefit the Register, which he supports," and that he knew the Register's circulation was not half as large as that of the Star.

Gray and Pope were charged with outrageous partisanship and bad-nighting. The encounter culminated when A. E. Gonzales met General Gray in the crowded lobby of the Grand Central hotel. The occurrences that followed are conservatively given according to the most dispassionate statements from witnesses obtainable.

Gonzales said to Gray: "I have been anxious to see you to tell you something I have been saying about you all day. You, or Pope, or Rodgers, whoever is responsible for awarding the advertising to the Register, and the statement that the Register has a greater circulation than the State is a great liar and a fraud. Any one who will assert that the Register has half the circulation of the State tells a wilful lie."

Gonzales repeated this, and said that it was an outrage on the taxpayers of the State to have the award given to a paper with not half the State's circulation.

Gray asked if Gonzales had received his communication.

About this time N. G. Gonzales came into the lobby, and his brothers' voice came up to him. Gray then said so there are two of you, are there? Have I a friend here?

At this appeal a number of persons immediately rushed up, and the cry was heard of "two of them!"

Gray excitedly threw his overcoat and drew his pistol and said "Any man who says that I am a fraud is a d-d liar."

In this juncture Sampson Pope came up and shouted "That's what I say, and any man who accuses me of fraud is a d-d liar."

N. G. Gonzales asked him what he said, and upon his repeating it struck him in the face with his left hand.

Mr. Pope said by two eye witnesses to have made two attempts to draw a pistol when he and Gonzales closed in on each other.

The two men fell to the floor, clinching each other, Gonzales on top, belaboring Pope. Pope stuck his fingers in Gonzales' eyes and gouged them. Gonzales called out for help to stop gouging him. Gonzales states that he did this because Pope's friends had hold of his arms and he could do nothing. In some way the men were soon parted, neither doing nor taking any damage.

Gonzales believes that he was struck over the head by a stick in the hands of some one in the crowd.

In the meantime A. E. Gonzales had been facing Gray, who stood with drawn sword. Gonzales advanced one step, called Gray a d-d coward and told him to throw away his pistol, as he had none, and light it out. The struggle between Pope and the other two broke up, and the two brothers separated, and General Gray remained in a corner of the lobby for fully five minutes standing erect with drawn pistol and pale face.

A. E. Gonzales continued to curse Gray, and his friends tried to keep him from whipping any three of them. By this time some of Gonzales' friends had been at the hotel and the two brothers were upstairs.

The affair created the most intense excitement, and nothing else is talked about. It is probable that tomorrow will bring developments in the matter. Gonzales' friends are talking of suits for perjury are talked of.

ANOTHER ROW.

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After being separated Tighe said: "You are no physical superior, but I'll fight you in any way a gentleman ought, and you have got it to do."

Gonzales replied that Tighe could get all the rest of him in any way and at any time he chose.

The fight occurred just outside the door of the chamber of the house of representatives and many legislators rushed to the scene.

State Treasurer Representative Burn brought the affair to the attention of the house, but action was postponed.—Greenville News.

The Revolution in China.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 26.—The special correspondent in China of the United Press is able, on the best authority, to state that the rebellion (for it really is a rebellion) is spreading rapidly in the northern provinces, so that there is considerable alarm felt at Peking and its neighborhood. The rebels are advancing on route by reinforcements from the people and from the army. Several squadrons of the so-called regular cavalry have already joined the rebels, in addition to bands of deserters from the troops classed as regular infantry. Finally, the rebels have been joined by a number of mandarins, and have been increasing. All the Christians at Kinchow have been massacred.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 26.—To-day morning, forty-five miles below here, a small boiler exploded, instantly killing two young sons of the proprietor, T. P. Battison. A saw dust wheel had his leg broken and Mr. Battison's. Portions of the boiler were thrown three hundred feet.

FOUGHT TWO AND TWO.

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